RE-SEMBLANCES

i

And knowing that I too
have met myself from yesterday;
in that instant remembering
not ghosts, not shadows, not
time's blank spaces, but passages
of truth flowering in shapes
close to heart, hand, voice:
a clearing of mind foreseeing
the figure in focus, sharpened
by time, proffering
a composure of colours,
a purity of perspective

ii

this line I hold to
leads out of the waste
land of delusion
where criss-crossing hurts bind
blind the unwary, and
time gives no quarter
to those caught in webs
of distortion

facing mirrors that throw back
false faces and strangers

iii

out to the stillness
beginning with light

while memory holds brief
for the bright truth of being

that spoke like no other
and yet was another

iv

returning
I see as never
I saw, or ever
I heard, of a voice coming clearer

above wind, above wave
waking sense, and direction:

returning
is going forth
to another retrieved
of the past remains,

as I was.